

*The most lamentable Tragedie*

For these, Tribunes, in the dust I write  
My harts deepe languor, and my soules sad teares:  
Let my teares stanch the earths drie appetite,  
My sonnes sweet blood, will make it shame and blush:  
O earth, I will befriend thee more with raine  
That shall distill from these two ancient ruines,  
Then youthfull Aprill shall with all his showres.  
In Summers drought, Ile drop vpon thee still,  
In Winter with warme teares Ile melt the snow,  
And keepe eternall spring time on thy face,  
So thou refuse to drinke my deere sonnes blood.

*Enter Lucius, with his weapon drawne.*

Oh reuerent Tribunes, oh gentle aged men,  
Vnbinde my sonnes, reuerse the doome of death,  
And let me say (that neuer wept before).  
My teares are now preuailing Oratours.

*Lucius.* Oh noble father you lament in vaine,  
The Tribunes heare you not, no man is by,  
And you recount your sorrowes to a stone.

*Titus.* Ah *Lucius* for thy brothers let me plead,  
Graue Tribunes, once more I intreat of you.

*Lucius.* My gracious Lord, no Tribune heares you speak.

*Titus.* Why tis no matter man, if they did heare  
They would not marke me, or if they did marke,  
All bootlesse vnto them.

Therefore I tell my sorrowes bootles to the stones,  
Who though they cannot answere my distresse,  
Yet in some sort they are better then the Tribunes,  
For that they will not intercept my tale:

When I doe weepe, they humbly at my feete,  
Receiue my teares, and seeme to weepe with me,  
And were they but attired in graue weedes,  
Rome could afford no Tribune like to these.

A

*of Titus Andronicus*

A stone is soft as waxe, Tribunes me  
A stone is silent, and offendeth not  
And Tribunes with their tongues  
But wherefore standst thou with th

*Lucius.* To rescue my two broth  
For which attempt the Iudges haue  
My euermlasting doome of banishment

*Titus.* O happy man, they haue b  
Why foolish *Lucius*, dost thou not  
That Rome is but a wildernes of T  
Tigers must prey, and Rome afford  
But me and mine: how happy art th  
From these deuourers to be banishe  
But who comes with our brother A

*Enter Marcus and Lucius*

*Marcus.* *Titus*, prepare thy nob  
Or if not so, thy noble heart to brea  
I bring consuming sorrow to thine

*Titus.* Will it consume me? Let

*Marc.* This was thy daughter,

*Titus.* Why *Marcus* so she is.

*Lucius.* Aye me, this obiekt kills

*Titus.* Faint-harted boy, arise an  
Speake *Lavinia*, what accursed han  
Hath made thee handlelesse in thy Fa  
What foole hath added water to the  
Or brought a faggot to bright burni  
My griefe was at the height before t  
And now like *Nylus* it disdaineth b  
Giue me a sword Ile chop off my ha  
For they haue fought for Rome. and  
And they haue nursed this woe, in fee  
In bootlesse prayer haue they bene  
And they haue seru'd me to effectles

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